

I wish you
One and All a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR

We are truly grateful to all our customers for your respect and confidence and may we continue to merit it.

H. F. Dimke

The Fair Store

Wauseon, Ohio

REV. GRANT SPEER

Toledo Pastor Will Conduct Revival Services at Winameg Christian Church Beginning First Week in January.

Rev. Grant W. Speer, the pastor of the Central Christian Church of Toledo and president of the Pastors' Union of that city, will begin a series of meetings the first week in January at the Christian Church of Winameg; the members of that church are extending a cordial invitation to everyone to attend these meetings. The Winameg church is to be congratulated upon its success in securing the services of so able and popular a man as Rev. Speer. For many years he has been the pastor of the Central Church of Toledo and the character of his work as well as the



REV. GRANT W. SPEER

character of the man is indicated by the following news item clipped from the Toledo Blade:

"As a recognition of the 25 years service in the ministry, seven of which were spent in the Central Church here, the members of the Central Christian Church have granted their pastor, Rev. Grant Speer, a vacation of several months and they will also give him a substantial gift to defray the expenses of such a vacation."

Mr. Speer will sail for Europe in February and one of the objective points of the journey will be the Holy Land, where he will have an opportunity of studying the places so familiar through Bible study and teaching. Mr. Speer's work at Central Church has been productive of the greatest progress in material as well as spiritual things. The church property has been greatly improved, a debt of several years standing wiped out and the church membership has been greatly increased.

JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

Continued from page two

"Nurse," she said, "I want to ask you something. Will he ever walk again?"

Nurse Blair was silent. They might have been alone in the ward, so closely did the hum of conversation hedge them in. Each was with her own that Christmas morning and had no thought but for hers.

"Will he ever walk? Will he ever stand?" The widow grasped the nurse's hands tightly as though clinging to her as her last hope in life. "Tell me," she pleaded.

"Never—unless a miracle happens," answered Nurse Blair, and the woman's hands fell and she turned to the child and smiled. Then Nurse Blair understood why some of the Madonnas were painted smiling.

"Mamma!" said the voice from the bed, "I want to whisper something." The widow knelt down, but the childish whisper was loud enough to reach the nurse's ears.

"I mustn't tell you what my Christmas present is, because it will make you cry."

The widow placed her arms round his neck and pressed his face to hers. "Mamma, I want to show you something I've kept for a Christmas present for you. Sit up, mamma, and look. Look!"

Nurse Blair screamed. Dr. Keith, passing by, stopped, looked, and assumed an attitude of professional pride. His rather tired face broke into a smile.

"Do that again, Johnny," cried Nurse Blair. "Look, doctor, look! He's wiggling his toes!"

"Yes, mamma," said Johnny proudly. "That's why I wanted a football. There, mamma, you're crying after all!"

Something He Wouldn't Break.

Willie is a boy who is very much blessed with aunts and uncles. These use every opportunity to give him presents. Last Christmas he received so many toys that his parents, instead of giving him toys, told him he could carry out one of his cherished plans.

"Actually," said his papa, "you have more things now than you can break in a year."

"Oh, no, papa," said Willie with an injured air; "there's one present I won't break."

"Well, Willie, I'm glad there's one. Which is it?"—a cast-iron train from Uncle Jack.

"Oh, no!" cried Willie. "I can manage to break that. I mean I won't break your promise to buy me a season ticket for the baseball matches."

EAST FRANKLIN SCHOOL

Enjoy a Visit to Wauseon—Points of Interest at the County Seat Visited by the School, Conducted by Members of Board of Education of Franklin—An Educational and Pleasure Trip Combined.

On Friday last the East Franklin school, District No. 7, Franklin township, Miss May Pike teacher, spent a day in sight seeing in Wauseon. Mr. George Leu, of the Board of Education, together with Miss Pike, the teacher, originated the idea of the trip to Wauseon as a splendid combination of a holiday treat for the pupils of the school and a matter of education in things that are not found in books. The idea of becoming familiar with the things and affairs nearest home and learning to understand and appreciate them is often overlooked in our system and the emphasis is placed on the things that are far away. The parents of the pupils brought them into town and accompanied them on their sight seeing tour. At Brigham & Guilford Company Department Store the party was entertained with a Victrola concert and each pupil was presented with a sack of candy and a Christmas card as souvenirs of their visit. Led by Mr. Leu the party inspected the printing establishment of the Tribune and the methods of setting type and printing in that office; the court house and county jail, the session room and gymnasium of the Ives Boys' Brotherhood, the Van Camp Condensory, the schools and the Carnegie library were among the points visited. It was a happy party and every member seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the occasion, the adults of the party quite as much as the children. Some of the children were making their first visit to the county seat and those who have visited Wauseon before have generally come on business or on shopping trips which gave little or no time for sight seeing. Miss Pike, the present teacher of East Franklin school, is a product of the Wauseon high school and the indications are that she is a very competent teacher. The enrollment of the school is thirty-two and of this number twenty-nine enjoyed the trip last Friday. Following are the names of the pupils who were in the party:

Elmer Schad, Inez Schad, Laura Schad, Amanda Schell, Pearl Seiler, Ira Quillet, Howard Quillet, Lloyd Quillet, Helen Quillet, Kenneth Quillet, Cecil Shaffer, Vernon Sower, Raymond Rashley,

GIFTS FOR TWO
by Katherine Hopson



(Copyright, 1912.)

LL the stores along Main street were gay with Christmas decorations. Even the window of Scarvin's curio shop bravely flaunted some brilliant holly wreaths.

Edwin Lander paused before this window and stood for a long time apparently lost in contemplation of the filigree bracelets displayed there. At last he roused himself with an effort and opened the door. At his entrance, old Scarvin, the dealer, came smilingly forward rubbing his wrinkled hands.

"What may I do for you this afternoon?" he suavely asked, while his shrewd, beady eyes noted every detail of his customer's tall, well-dressed figure.

"I should like to look at something that would be suitable as a Christmas present for a lady," Lander answered briskly, but a keen observer would have noticed that his cheerfulness was forced, and in his eyes was a look of utter weariness.



Spread Open the Book Enticingly.

and the antique setting that is so much in vogue."

Lander gravely touched the silver links and thought: "My dear old Marguerite is what Aunt Collins would call 'between grass and hay.' It is past the candy-and-flower stage; but has hardly arrived at jewels."

Then aloud he said: "No, I had in mind something different—a book perhaps."

"Ah, the very thing!" Scarvin dived into a dusty corner and brought forth a foreign-looking volume, whose brown leather binding was curiously inlaid with pearls.

"Early English poems, after the old missal style, and hand illuminated," the dealer spread open the book enticingly.

Lander turned over the leaves with interest. "Yes, I believe this is unique and costly enough to please even the fastidious Marguerite," his thin lips curved in a cynical smile. "I'll take it," he remarked with the brevity of the average masculine shopper when he finds something which strikes his fancy.

As he threw down a bill he was annoyed to see how his hands shook. "Burning the candle at both ends has had an effect," he thought, and as he left the shop, added: "This mixing of business and society is the pace that kills. I suppose stimulants will be the next resort."

He recalled last Christmas at his former boarding place. There were friends there—especially Alice Gleason. Whenever he thought of her now, it was with a sense of remorse. They had been very warm friends, but since his sudden advancement in business had necessitated more commodious surroundings, he had seen little of her. He had really not meant to neglect the old friends when he began to go more into society and make new ones, but unconsciously he had drifted away from the little circle on Fleet street.

"The shabby old place seemed far more like home than my new quarters ever will," he muttered, and a realization came to him that it was Alice with her sympathetic voice and restraining ways who had made it seem so. No matter how tired she might be with her day in the schoolroom, she was always ready to rejoice or sympathize.

And send her some roses—the first I can find," he declared with a sudden rush of remorseful tenderness. He entered a flower shop and bought a huge bunch of velvety American Beauties. "Send them to this address," he told the dealer and gave him a card.

Next door was the establishment of an expensive furrier, and a Lander passed the window, he saw Marguerite Penton looking at a set of brown lynx. The rich tones went well with her brown eyes and tawny hair. As she stood there with the soft fur about her, she reminded him of some barbaric princess. Ever since he had first met her at a dinner given at the home of the senior member of the firm, Lander had been greatly fascinated, and felt that her beauty and position fitted in with his ambitious dreams. Yet, strangely enough, today her beauty did not make its usual appeal to him that mingled with her sinuous grace, was also something of feline snuggly.

"Those furs probably cost more than my month's salary," he muttered. "Her insatiable craving for luxury would fasten itself, vampire like, on the life blood of her duty and a sense of impulse. He strode down the street, feeling that the crowded cars would stifle him, and longing for the sense of physical motion and the stinging air against his face. When he reached his rooms he found the table set with an invitation from Mrs. Dane, a prominent society hostess, inviting him to attend a dinner she was giving that night.

"That doesn't fit in with the load of work I must get through with before office hours tomorrow." Wearily he laid a package of business papers on the table and rested his head in his hands. "What does it all amount to—what does life amount to?" he questioned despondently. "These people who invite me do not really care for me. It is merely because I fill in and make an agreeable dinner guest, and for that I have practically given up my old friends."

He realized that his present mood was the reaction from exhilaration of conquest which the past year of almost spectacular success had given him.

"I'd like to chuck the whole thing and go back. If only I could have a talk with Alice in the old way, I'd feel myself again." He sat up with new energy. "I wonder if she'd let me come?"

There was need to look in the telephone book for the familiar number. With breathless suspense he waited while the landlady called Miss Gleason to the 'phone, and at the sound of her voice his heart began to pound boyishly. She was serenely gracious, yet he detected a note of surprise as he asked permission to call. Then she spoke of the roses, and added:

"I can't begin to describe my delight over that quaint old English book. It filled a long-felt want for the possession of a real first edition." Mechanically he responded, questioning himself the while: "What book? Did I make a mistake and send Miss Penton's Christmas gift to Alice? In my dogged weariness I must have given the dealer the wrong address." He thought of Marguerite's demand of the best as he due, and a sense of impulse over that quaint old English book. It filled a long-felt want for the possession of a real first edition. Mechanically he responded, questioning himself the while: "What book? Did I make a mistake and send Miss Penton's Christmas gift to Alice? In my dogged weariness I must have given the dealer the wrong address." He thought of Marguerite's demand of the best as he due, and a sense of impulse over that quaint old English book. It filled a long-felt want for the possession of a real first edition. 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